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Dear Phil and Bramly:

So here's my \$2.00 I must see Palle
just to figure out what the hell it's all about.
And as for the Greeks, my friend, I told you
once: I was not reading about mythology
in order to figure out The Dittances. Do you
read what I am writing to you? I was
reading mythology because the title poem
reminded me of my vast ignorance in that
field. Since I am a modest man, I
can not take credit for seeing a whole new
dimension in the book just because I happened
to be reading a lousy paperback by Edith
Hamilton at the time -- subconscious or no.
Do I make myself clear?

And now let's get down to the bloody red
bone. What about White Rose? When do I
find out how to obtain a copy of that?

Did you ever read a book: The Hunger
Man. If so, why did you bother reading said
book?

Your postcard, by the way, was an oasis
of god in a desert of sand. I'm in California
now. Back to the Quarter in September! I
I can hold out that long. There is an
intellectual-cultural vacuum out here, but
I'm making a little of the root of all good --
which I intend to transplant from here to N.O.
via Mexico.

P.S.

That comment about the post
card was just an idle
joke. I've got a million
of 'em -- (idle jokes).

Viva Picasso!

Kerry
\$

Here is a

Lament

What is all
the fuss
about?

I should say!

But what?

And why?

I know

at least

this

now:

Love makes the
merry go round;

I stand so

stock

still.

10041 SCOTT AVE, APT 9
WHITTIER, CALIF.



PHILIP BOATRICH
* AQUILA COURT
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

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